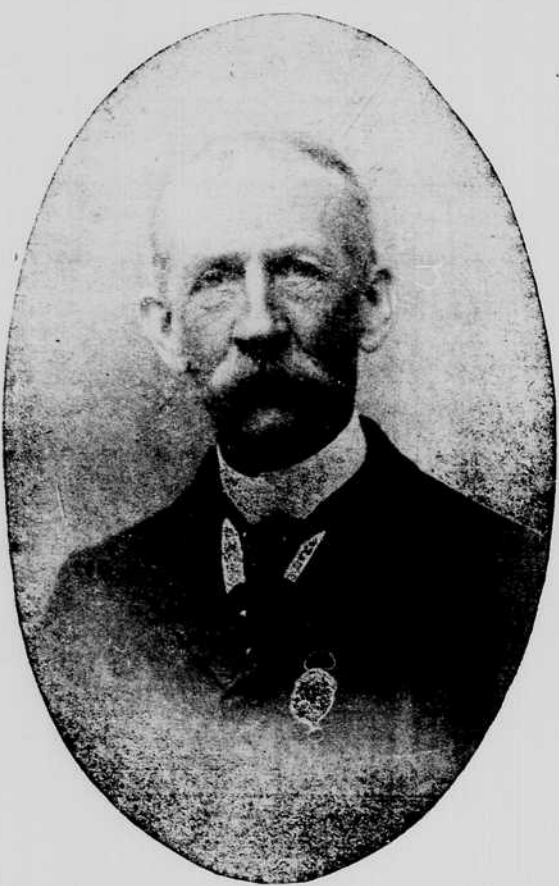


CHARLES HALLOCK, AUTHOR AND SPORTSMAN.



CHARLES HALLOCK. From a Photograph in 1896.

There are few men living to-day who have done more for American sport than the subject of this sketch. A love of adventure has led him far and wide, and his graceful pen has enabled him to interest the public as well as the sportsmen in his wanderings in quest of big game or as a disciple of Isaac Walton. Fred Mather is contributing to Forest and Stream a most interesting series of sketches under the caption of "Men I Have Fished With," and No. 28 of these sketches is devoted to Mr. Hallock. Through the courtesy of the publishers of Forest and Stream we are enabled to present here the accompanying portrait. Charles Hallock was born in 1854, and is a graduate of Amherst College. His father, Gerard Hallock, was for thirty-four years editor and one of the proprietors of the New York Journal of Commerce, and Charles at an early age was taken into the office and served as an apprentice at the case before taking an editor's desk. The writer first met him when he was on his way to Labrador in the late fifties, and recalls the article he wrote on the trip for Harper's Magazine. Before that, however, he had crossed the great plains with a wagon train over the Santa Fe trail, the following year taking the old Red River trail from St. Paul to Pembina, and writing up both trips for Harper's. His later wanderings it would take too much space to recount.

In 1870, with other sportsmen, he founded Blooming Grove Park, in Pike county, Pa., the first great game preserve in America, comprising 12,000 acres. In 1873 he founded the well-known sportsman's journal, Forest and Stream, and the writer was one of his early contributors. Mr. Hallock edited Forest and Stream until 1880. In the meantime he devoted much attention to the development of Florida and advocated the draining of Lake Okechobee. He put the first boat on that lake that had been there since the Seminole war in 1848, and put Mr. Fred A. Ober in charge of the expedition. Later he obtained the assistance of Prof. Spencer E. Baird and Mr. George N. Lawrence in fitting Ober out for natural history work in the Caribbean Sea. He also published three books, "The Sportsman's Tourist," "Camp Life in Florida," and "The Sportsman's Gazetteer," a grand volume of 900 pages. Then, as a "rest" from editorial work, he accompanied a U. S. revenue force to the mountains of East

The Buried City of Copan.

In 1891 the Peabody Museum, through the efforts of Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, acquired the care of the antiquities of Honduras from the government of that country for the period of ten years, with the right of taking away one-half of the objects found in the excavations. It was planned to send an expedition to Copan during the dry season of each year; and to further this purpose a committee was appointed consisting of Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, Mr. Francis C. Lowell, and Professor F. W. Putnam, curator of the museum. The first expedition was sent out in 1891. The work of this and subsequent expeditions has been rich in results, but I can only outline briefly what they have accomplished, after saying a few words about Copan itself.

In the central part of the ruins of Copan are the great pyramidal foundations on which the temples arose. The principal ruins are grouped about a main structure, a vast irregular pile, rising from the plain in steps and terraces, and terminating in huge terraced elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple. The summit of the highest of these is about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the river which laps the foundations of the fallen structures. Only the foundation and parts of the lower walls of the temple now remain in position, and these are marked with many hieroglyphic inscriptions. Surrounding the temples and palaces to the distance of a mile or more on every side are the remains of stone houses, which probably the dwellings of the nobles and wealthier citizens, and beyond these are found innumerable stone foundations without any remains of superstructure. It is conjectured that on these stood wooden houses, the dwellings of the poorer classes, of which every trace has disappeared. [Harper's Weekly.]

Washington County Railroad.

James Mitchell, who has had the contract to build the Washington county railroad, talks encouragingly of the building of the road and says that work will commence in two or three weeks in real earnest, or "just as soon as things can be got in readiness. It is claimed that the syndicate which will build the road will establish and control a new short all-rail route from New York to the provinces. It is announced also that the syndicate has secured an option of a railroad between New York and Boston, with traffic agreements with the Boston & Maine and Maine Central and a ninety-nine years' lease of the old Grand Southern from St. Stephen to St. John, which is owned by Russell Sage.

New York Fashions.

Fall and Winter Millinery. "Tam O'Shanter," Crowns, New Wool Fabrics, Styles in Making, Colors.

(Correspondence of The Journal.)

In looking over fall and winter millinery, one is immediately impressed with the predominance of velvet and chenille; and the latter, interwoven with "satin braid" straw in hundreds of different designs from one to four inches wide to be sewn together in fancy shapes, forms the basis of many stylish hats. Another lovely millinery material is of inch and a half wide ribbon joined together with two or three rows of chenille concealing the seam, and being very pliable it is readily fashioned into any desired style. It comes in two crown pieces or braids; and still more beautiful is the combination of mousseline-de-soie and chenille, usually of one color. "Tam O'Shanter's" made of either material, and drawn high on one side with a jaunty feather, will heighten the loveliness of fair faces, and modifications of this style with brims constitute the irregular outlines so becoming to older persons.

SOFT CROWNS

will be almost universal, if the number and variety of spangled velvet crowns now exhibited are any criterion, and tasteful contrasts are the prevailing idea. Plain velvet enjoys immense favor, supplemented by ostrich feathers and plumage of every kind, especially ecru and brown combined, as in pleasant owl feathers, and the same fancy is carried out in beads and spangles on black velvet crowns. Felt hats bear the proportion to velvet of about one to twenty, and those few are weighed down with velvet and plumes. Large or small steel buckles are equally useful, and in the way of flowers only the largest roses or orchids are in demand.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE NOVELTY in wool dress fabrics is bordered dress lengths of seven yards, having either satin stripes or gay Scotch plaid borders, the latter so wide as to suggest the possibility of a waist being made of the plaid with a skirt of the plain material. As is usual at this season plaids are up again, and although lovely combinations of crimson and black attract one's fancy, or those in other colors shaded by black camel's hair, yet the prudent shopper will remember to how few plaids are really suitable, and how pronounced a plaid costume always is; but even if new fashions are alluring the garments belonging to a waning season should be looked after, and soon now all good managers will have their colored embroidered batiste or organdy dresses and waists washed with ivory soap and laid away, thus ensuring their bright colors or pale shades for another season.

PLAIN MATERIALS enjoy renewed prestige, and broadcloth, camel's hair, wool surahs (with a satin finish) chevrot serges, and in fact all plain-colored stuffs, are in such beauty and variety that scarcely a doubt can be felt as to their firm footing for this season at least.

Much is expected of fancy black passementeries, or braiding as it is called this season, and certainly nothing can be more appropriate for plain fabrics, yet it was not a success last spring. New illustrations show braiding even on plaids, with skirts and sleeves just about as they now are, but in dresses made of bordered fabrics in several cases the border runs up the side, sometimes to the shoulder, and also trims the sleeve cap and lower sleeve. A great many loose fronts are noticeable in these illustrations, but it is still too early to be absolutely sure as to Fashion's caprices.

THE OLD-FASHIONED shade of blue has been revived, which should be good news for everybody, as it is so generally becoming, and the only color which can lay any claim to novelty is a light shade of "Jockey Club," the bluish purple introduced last spring. The brown shades are prominent, crimson holds its own, cerise is always welcome, and green occupies a large territory. Brunettes would be in despair without pink, and this charming color enlivens a new gray. Black and white placed together are particularly stylish in millinery, where the range of color is always widest, and sharp contrasts as a rule have given place to several shades of one color, or delicate combinations.

VERONA CLAIRE.

Arrival of Bucksport Bankers.

BUCKSPORT, Sept. 8. The arrival of the Grand Bankers furnished plenty of excitement along the water front on Wednesday. About 8 o'clock the long, black bowsprit with its jumbo jib and then the big mainsail of the Edgar S. Foster appeared in the Narrows, and a moment later with colors flying, wing and wing, and everything drawing, the crack banker came up the river in cup-defender style. Close behind her came another schooner with colors flying. She was quickly recognized as the Annie G. Quiner. The summer's performance of these vessels is something remarkable. Both left port May 15th, bound for St. Pierre, Miquelon, for the balance of their crews. They parted company in the bay, but both went into that port at the same time and both sailed for the banks on the same day. During the summer they have been on different parts of the fishing grounds, and when Capt. Dorr was full of fish Capt. Snowman's men were lashing their dories, and when the Quiner hove in sight off St. Pierre to land her men, the Foster was well in towards the harbor. The vessels left the port for Bucksport at the same time and came by different courses and both tied up within five minutes of each other. Both brought about the same fares, some 2,500 quintals. About noon the N. E. Symonds, Capt. Charles Cushing, came up the river. She has some 2,800 quintal under the hatches. All skippers report fine weather and good fishing. The last and largest, the schooner A. V. S. Woodruff, was fast filling up and should be in port in ten days or so. [Bangor Daily News.]

If it is true that Paderewski has cut his hair, we shall know whether it was his hair or his playing that drove women into hysterics at his concerts.

MUNYON'S ASTHMA CURE, with herbs, will control this Asthma's Asthma, everything else fails. Munyon's Remedies, separate cure for each disease, for sale at all druggists. Mostly 25c. When in doubt, write to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. for free medical advice.

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Owen Wister.

Owen Wister, whether as a man or author, is a most interesting personality. After graduating at Harvard, his allegiance seems to have been divided between music and law, and before making a final choice of a profession he determined to pursue a course of musical study in Germany. Although it resulted in high honors, he finally declared for law, and opened an office in Philadelphia. But it was neither as musician nor lawyer that he was destined to become known to the world. His vacations were spent in Wyoming. The strong, free air of the plains impregnated his blood; the life of the cowboys, Indians, and soldiers, from being merely observed, became known and sympathetically understood. He has done for them, through his contributions to the Harper periodicals, what Bret Harte did for the California pioneers and Rudyard Kipling for the soldiers and sailors of the British Empire.



OWEN WISTER

To quote Theodore Roosevelt: "Many men before him have seen and felt the wonder of that phase of western life which is now closing, but Mr. Wister makes us see what he has seen and interprets for us what he has heard. His short sketches are so many cantos in the great epic of life on the vanishing wilderness. He shows us heroic figures and a heroic life; not heroes and the heroic life as they are conceived by the cloistered intellect, but rough and strong and native, the good and evil alike challenging the eye. To read his writings is like walking on a windy upland in fall, when the hard weather braces body and mind."

Left Home with Five Children.

Mrs. Isabelle Gray, wife of Silvanus W. Gray, with her five children, is missing from her home at Cape Rosier, near Castine, Me. Mr. Gray called at Police Headquarters Tuesday and said that his wife had bought tickets for Boston for herself and children, and had left on Friday last while he was away on a fishing trip. He says there was no trouble between himself and wife, and that he knows of no reason why she should leave her home.

Mr. Gray follows the sea. All last summer he was on the yacht Embra of New York. He left the Embra on August 22d and returned home. On Tuesday of last week he went on a fishing trip to Burncoat and did not return until Sunday.

Then it was discovered that his wife had taken all her clothing in two trunks and several valises, and with the children had gone away. He says his wife tried to get some of the neighbors to row her across the river to Castine, but they declined, and she had to get a stranger to do it. At Castine she took the steamer Rockland for Belfast. On the Rockland she purchased tickets for herself and children to Boston, and took the steamer Penobscot, arriving here on Saturday.

Mrs. Gray is 36 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. She is spare and pale. She came from Cape Breton and was married to Mr. Gray 15 years ago in Gloucester. They removed soon after to Maine.

The oldest child, Alvina L., is 14 years old; Jessie is 12; Steadman is 8; Elvira is 3, and Pretha is 1 year old. Alvina was at work up to the time Mrs. Gray left home.

Nothing could be found of the whereabouts of Mrs. Gray and the children in Boston. She has a sister, Katie Black, who is at work in the Crawford House. A Journal reporter saw her Tuesday, and she said that she knew nothing of her sister. She has not seen her for 12 years, she said. Another sister, Flora, lived in Boston, but Katie says that she went to Cape Breton last week. [Boston Journal, Sept. 8.]

New Light Ship.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8.—Before September has passed the lighthouse board expects to have in position on the Diamond shoals, off Cape Hatteras, the new light vessel which has just been fitted out at Staten Island, New York. Diamond shoals is considered to be the most dangerous point off the coast of the United States. The new vessel was constructed by the Bath Iron works, Maine, at the contract price of \$59,000. The light-vessel will be towed from Staten Island on the 15th inst. and it is expected that it will be placed in its permanent position on the 20th, the anchorage ground being 27 miles off Hatteras.

The schools have begun. Little feet are hurrying along to bright faces and laughing eyes.

Is it Decadence?

The attendance upon any one of the three big fairs in Maine this year cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that a big change has been wrought in the character of the attractions offered visitors within the last few years. It was not so very long ago that the State fairs were agricultural fairs and little else. There were farm animals and farm products on display; premiums for the best exhibits in various lines were offered and won; the fair was a farmer's affair.

To-day things have changed. One of the big fairs still makes a pretence of catering to agricultural interests, but at all of them the main points of interest consist of features quite foreign to the farm and the farmer. There is racing of various sorts; bicycling and bicycle races; Troop F., which has made a remarkable hit and proved a drawing card of great value to the fair managers; balloon ascensions have shown people who haven't had the opportunity to observe for themselves in what direction the average plant grows; trick bicycle riders have shown amateur wheelmen what the wheel is capable of under skillful management; baseball games, "leaps for life," trapeze performances, and a host of side attractions have been introduced and the crowds have come to see them. It has been a grand three-ring circus, and more too.

The result of this turning from the original purposes of these big fairs will be watched with interest. Possibly this is what the people who support the fairs by their patronage prefer. Of course a good part of the attendance is composed of the residents of the cities where they are held, and it may be that the farmers themselves are better suited to go and see something entirely new and novel instead of things that they are every day familiar with. If entertainment, pure and simple, is demanded, a sort of day off for fun and frolic, then the new order of things may be all right. One thing is sure the sensational features have this year done all that the managers could have asked for in drawing patronage and that of course is the prime consideration with them. [Waterville Mail.]

"You have all sorts of pie, I see by the sign in the window," said the facetious customer, as he went into a bakery and addressed one of the young women who stood behind the counter.

"Yes, sir. What kind do you want?" "I will take a magpie, if you please."

At this remark another young woman snickered, but the other girl turned to her promptly and said: "Here, Bertha! You're wanted!" [Harper's Bazar.]

Sullivan has voted to exempt Long Pond Water Company from taxation for twenty years, and appropriate over \$600 yearly for fire hydrants. The company also asks a guarantee of 175 water takers. The expense of extending the system to Sullivan and West Sullivan will be large.



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. **Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**



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Having purchased the original records of estate of J. C. Gates, for the convenience of pensioners having claims pending, and others who may wish to present claims for additional increase of pensions, I will be at C. F. Gates shoe shop, 127 Main Street, opposite the office, Sept. 13 and 14, 1897.

L. C. MORSE

Notwithstanding all these roads—in a country which lacks exactly 1645 miles of railway as much territory as the State of Virginia—the fact remains that travelling is attended with many difficulties. If a straight line were drawn from San José to ocean, between Punta Arenas and the Pacific and Port Limón on the Atlantic, San José would be less than six miles to the south of it. Yet to reach the capital from the Pacific port you have to go away round Robin Hood's barn, so to say, and make a three days' journey of which ought to be accomplished in three days. You may go by rail from Punta Arenas to Esparza—14 miles; there engines, mules or horses, (if you can) to take you to Alajuela, 39 miles, where you can strike a railroad and double back to a part of the same course, to San José. Only three trains weekly run out of Punta Arenas. The schedule time of the longest is 3 p. m., but the actual time is whatever it suits the convenience of the merchants and the planters who have coffee to export. There is no railway station, and when passengers may wait, but a whistle several times repeated, gives notice in 20 minutes the locomotive may be expected to start. We left on Sunday morning, and as the train did not get away until nearly dark that day had no time to see all there is of Punta Arenas. Though the town has been settled since early in the 15th century and is the largest seaport of "La Costa Rica," the conditions of life are rather primitive. There is but one mail a day to the capital, and the post office is open only one hour before its departure. Stamps are obtainable at the post office, but you have to go for them to a merchant, half a mile away, who alone has the right of sale. Railway tracks meander around through several of the streets to huge warehouses, which during the season are full to repletion with some of the best coffee grown in the world. The launch service at the big iron pier is said to be excellent, so that a thousand pounds of coffee per hour can be loaded, by night as well as by day, when necessary. These strange carts continually passing up and fro, laden with merchandise for the interior or carrying coffee down to the piers. It is not easy to convey in the pen an accurate picture of those many structures. A pole projects from a strong frame, to which an axle is bolted underneath. The ends of the axle protrude through enormous wheels of solid steel, the latter being at least 4 inches across the tire and 5 feet in diameter. A frame of open cane-work placed within these ponderous wheels supports an arrangement of untanned oxhide. On a platform at the bottom of the box thus formed the load—generally coffee, sewed in 25 bags of coarse white cotton. Each cart will carry 800 to 1,000 pounds of coffee, and the freightage thereon averages 10 cents per 100 pounds. Over the bags another ox-hide is fastened with thongs of leather, and dangling outside are the water-gourd, iron pot, and other utensils to be used along the road. Many of the carts come from long distances,—from fields beyond Cartago and San José, and even from the far away valley of the Tiribí, overlooked by the mountains of San Rafael—bringing the product of plantations, large and small, to the ports for shipment to the United States and Europe. Peering out from beneath the oxhide canopy one may often see the brown face of some daughter of the mountains, those wonderful dark eyes, like those of Dante Rossetti's blessed damozel, "deeper than the depths of water stilled at even." The wives and children of the coffee carriers consider it the greatest possible pleasure to accompany the head of the house on the long journey to port; and very useful do they prove themselves, making the tortillas and cooking the beans, gathering wild garlic and plantains by the wayside, and supplying the team with water and edible palm tops for fodder. While on the march the forehead of the oxen are shaded by broad heads of the palm or pavel—and even the leaves of the palm or pavel—and even

funny they look under the nodding decoration, while their drivers prod and punch them with a long pole tipped with an iron point.

Some of the houses of Punta Arenas—notably those of the German merchants, the captain of the port, and other government officials—would do credit to any town; but the majority are windowless, with cane walls and thatched roofs, and the best that can be said of them is that the ventilation is excellent. Nearly every house has its brand-new sewing machine, buzzing away just inside the doorway, manipulated by a proud, but barefooted woman—not so much suggestive of progress, however, as of the persuasive powers of some Yankee "agent." Being the only seaport of account on the western coast, Punta Arenas is also a bathing place of fashionable resort—the Cape May of the country, with this difference, that the Costa Rican resort is patronized in winter instead of summer. The season opens in January and closes in April, and during those months the "first families" flock here to flirt with Neptune, and incidentally, perhaps, with one another. Their cottages extend for miles along the shore, and they have their bathing boxes and clam bakes, their yachting parties and horseback jaunts, very much after the manner of North Americans.

There is a big clean-looking hospital at the edge of the town, which is said to fulfill its purpose satisfactorily. Looking over its records, I saw that within the last 10 years 620 foreigners have been treated within it, and 630 natives; and out of the whole number only 201 died. The diseases were principally remittent fever, dysenteries and ulcers. The locality is not unhealthful, and yellow fever has never visited it, however it may be raging in Panama, not far below, or in Acapulco above.

Waiting two or three hours in the plaza for our train to make ready was by no means a monotonous experience. It was Sunday afternoon, the gala day of the week; music was in the air, cock-pits, gambling booths, billiard saloons and drinking places in full blast. Lounging everywhere were dirty, miserable-looking soldiers, uniformed only in cotton shirts and trousers, carrying antique sword-bayonets and cartridge boxes. They are of Costa Rica's regular army, whose entire force numbers 900 men. Every ten minutes a trumpeter at the gate of the cuartel executed a lively solo, for what purpose, who can say? The bells of several churches rattled their rusty tongues for vespers, apparently all unheeded. Guitars and mandolins tinkled in many doorways, and the patter of dancing feet was heard inside. Here and there a group of musicians with rude marimbas carried on a spirited concert, and raked in reales from admirers of the Spanish and Indian airs. Everybody who could lay hands on any sort of musical instrument gave vent to the melody within him. At last a brass band piped up in the middle of the plaza, and the aristocrats turned out to exhibit their best clothes on the promenade. Still the *Angels* bells continued their insistent reminders—

"Ava Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer,
"Ava Maria! 'Tis the hour of love."
And just as the sun, in crimson and golden glory, was going to bed in the western Gulf, the shrill whistle of the tiny locomotive sounded, and we bade a not unwilling adios to Punta Arenas.

Our train consisted of one passenger and three freight cars. The engine—which burned wood—was made in Trenton, N. J., the cars in Wilmington, Del. As only one engine is employed on this section of the road, going both ways, passengers need not worry about the danger of collisions. The ticket office is as remote from the point of departure as the place where postage-stamps are sold is from the post office. The fare for the 14 miles to Esparza is three times as much as it would be for the same distance in the United States, and the rate of speed one-third as great. The English conductor was dressed in jacket and trousers of dark-blue cloth, and the shining handle of a revolver protruded suggestively from his right hip pocket. We stopped twice, once to get water and once to make steam. The road for the first few miles leads through a tropically rich forest, peopled with birds of brilliant plumage, but with a smell of salt water in the air, and the sound of surf beating upon a rocky shore. Presently it turns inland, through cocoanut and coffee groves, and past groups of thatched cottages set in flowery gardens. We crossed one noteworthy bridge, which the railway company has thrown across the Barranca River. It is 127 yards long and said to be the finest bridge in Central America.

Esparza lies a little more than 700 feet above sea-level, amid lime and orange groves, cocoa-palms and bananas; every house over-run with flowers and half-hidden by dense vegetation. Upon one side of the ever-present plaza is a quaint old church, surrounded by a beautiful garden and enshrined within a tangle of blossoming creepers. On the opposite side of the plaza is a charming inn, as French as anything to be found in France, kept by a fat Madame, whose lean husband appears to be as unnecessary an appendage to the establishment as was the good naturedly superfluous Joseph. The town was founded some three centuries ago, by Don Diego Artieda de Cherino, who named it Esparza, after his native village in Southern Spain. The latter-day, railroad-building Englishmen, who make it a point to take the romance out of all Spanish names, insist on calling it Esparta—a word which has no meaning whatever. Nowadays the last mentioned name is commonly used, but you and I, dear reader, will not lend our countenance to any such sacrilegious proceeding, and with us it shall remain Esparza to the end of time. FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

The latest intelligence from Labrador confirms the reports of the complete failure of the codfishery this season. The catch is very small and the low prices probably mean a severe winter for the fishermen.

How to Wash the Most Delicate of Summer Laws.
 "Will it wash?" is a question so often asked by the careful woman before purchasing the delicate colored muslins and lawns so desirable in warm weather. Sometimes she receives "Yes," sometimes "I don't know, I guess so," as a reply. In almost every instance the opinion of the salesman is not worth the proverbial row of pins, since it is impossible to tell whether a color will or will not wash until a trial has been made. And even after the first trial one need not feel too secure, for delicate shades unless properly "set," almost invariably lose the gleam of their brightness each time the article of their wearing is laundered. So by far the safest way is to "set" the color before it goes to the tub for the first time.

One of the best methods of setting delicate colors is also the cheapest and least troublesome. It consists in simply making a strong brine of cold water and salt and soaking the garment from 12 to 24 hours. Of course this should be done just before going to the laundry, and the salt should not be allowed to dry it. This is especially good for all shades of pink and green, and colors once set this way will be bright as long as there is a scrap of cloth.

A strong solution of alum and water is good, particularly with blues and the more delicate shades of brown. But its effect is not as lasting as that of salt, and it is sometimes necessary to renew the bath after the first three or four washings.

Yet another, and very highly spoken of, is a wash to insure against fading in a solution of sugar of lead and water, about a nickel's worth of the drug to a gallon of water. This recipe has but one objection, it is poisonous, and for that reason in a house where there are children or animals it should be handled with the utmost care. The same objection can be raised against the use of copperas water, though there are some colors, lilacs and yellows, that can be set more firmly by soaking them in it for something more than eight or ten hours. Solutions of salt or alum are perfectly harmless, but too much care cannot be exerted in the handling of sugar of lead and copperas.

Water is directly absorbed into the blood with whatever impurity may be contained in it, says an exchange. It is to some extent strained or filtered of what it may have of solid matter not dissolved in it, but whatever is held in solution, and some of what it may have that is not dissolved to some extent, goes into the blood with it. Thus impure water poisons the very fount of life and carries into an animal what may be the most injurious to the health of it.

There are, however, some injuries matters existing in water which are more especially deserving of notice on account of their very deleterious effects, such as eggs of various kinds of insects, and of vegetable or animal, as the spores of various minute plants, and the embryos of the most deadly parasitic animals.

Of these may be mentioned the germs of epidemic diseases due to the growth in the blood of minute plants derived from these germs, and the deadly parasites, such as the liver fluke, the various intestinal worms, and the ova of many toxic animals. These may be taken into sheep in water drunk from open springs or most frequently from stagnant ponds.

One of the most frequent sources of infection is the overflowing of pastures by streams into which a large extent of manured lands may have been drained, or into which the wastes of towns or cities may have been discharged. On this account the shepherd cannot exercise too great a caution for the protection of his flocks, or estimate too highly those most favorable localities where the streams flow down uncleared mountain slopes, from primeval forests, or where the sparse population has never defiled the soil with filth and impregnated it with the germs of disease. Nor can he estimate too highly the pure artesian fountain flowing from far down below the sources of infection, and applying it to his flock in wholesome drink. And in the choice of a range or for a farm for the rearing of a flock this point is to be considered first and last as being of the most paramount importance.

WOODWARD-LYFORD. The marriage of Mr. Chas. E. Woodward and Miss Marion E. Lyford was celebrated at noon Sept. 5th, at the residence of the bride's father, Thomas Lyford, Esq., on Fifth street. The wedding ceremony, which was very simple and informal, was witnessed by a small party of the relatives and immediate friends of the couple. The floral decorations were among the most effective ever seen at a house wedding in this city. The prevailing color in the dining room was pink, the parlor walls in green and white and the hall in yellow. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. E. Kingsley, pastor of the First Baptist church, and music was furnished by members of Pullen's symphony orchestra. The bride wore a grey cloth travelling dress trimmed with crimson velvet and carried a bouquet of roses.

After the ceremony lunch was served by Mrs. Mary Smith Lyford, and at 4.40 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward left for a wedding trip through the White Mountains and to Boston and New York and other cities. The bride is one of Bangor's most cultured and charming young ladies and has many friends. Mr. Woodward is the junior member of Lyford & Woodward,

batters and furriers, a concern which is known to the most prominent and best known in Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward were the recipients of many handsome presents from friends in this city and elsewhere. On their return to Bangor they will live in the Hatch residence on North High Street. [Bangor Commercial.

The G. A. R. and their British Flag.

The other day some G. A. Rs.,
Who camped in Buffalo,
Concluded for a little lark,
To Canada they'd go,
And so a party of them went
And didn't go it slow.

Toronto was the town they struck,
And when they went ashore
They found the British flag
And swung their flag aloft
Which made the people round that way
Particularly sore.

Because they have a law that says
No foreign flag shall fly
In Canada unless there is
A Union Jack near by;
And so they struck the G. A. Rs.,
To know the reason why.

The G. A. Rs. apologized;
They didn't know, they said,
The customs of a country where
The flag it flew was red,
And hurried off to get it straight
So they could go ahead.

And go ahead they did with speed,
Upon the foreign flag they flew,
With loud hurrahs, and lively songs
And other kinds of roars;
While over them Old Glory waved
As big as all outdoors.

But they were safe, for near at hand
The Union Jack they flew,
To keep within the law and make
The cops know what to do!
But the inch dimensions of that Jack
Were of but by two.

[New York Sun.

Senator Gallinger to Carl Schurz. Calls Him a Turncoat in Politics.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 8. Senator J. H. Gallinger of New Hampshire has made public an open letter in reply to a communication from Carl Schurz, recently published, in which Mr. Schurz took issue with Mr. Gallinger on statements made by the latter bearing on civil service reform. Following are the leading points:

CARL SCHUIZ: Dear Mr. and Mrs. Wood, your open letter addressed to me, in which you announce, with your usual swagger and bravado, that if I desire to continue this conversation you will be at my service. It is not for the purpose of gratifying your egotism made boundless by the versatility with which you have espoused all shades of political opinions since first you landed in this country, nor because I feel that I am not using your methods to my advantage, that I take notice of your ill manners and inconsequential letter. It was probably better to suffer you to lapse again into that political obscurity where your disloyalty to Republican principles precipitated you than to gratify your yearning desire for notoriety by keeping you longer in public view, into whose presence you have seized this opportunity of obtruding yourself. But when you pose as the moral leader of the Republican party, a party whose cause you have repeatedly betrayed, and the leading plank of whose platform you openly repudiate in the advice you are so anxious to give its followers, I may be pardoned if I recall to that generation who have come to years of understanding since you left the stage of political action who this Carl Schuiiz is who so flippantly assumes to interpret the guiding principles to those who, when he was in the van of the enemy, were steadfast in support of its candidates and platform.

Mr. Gallinger goes on to quote from the late James G. Blaine and others to substantiate his characterization of Mr. Schurz as "one who is always at home to controversy, and whose frequent migrations in party and residential associations have made him as the Wandering Jew of American politics." He then continues the attack as follows:

"Among other things they say that you have never favored high tariff protection, and that you 'regard that policy as, in the long run, economically as well as morally injurious—morally still more than economically.' Pray, when did you make the discovery that high tariff was morally injurious? You accepted an election to the United States Senate from the Republican Party in 1868, which place you held for six years. The Republican Party was then, as now, a party of high tariff. Where were your 'moral' objections then? High tariff seems to have been good enough for you when in office, but to be 'immoral' when you are in private life.

"What is there in your record to justify you in falling in question with man's party loyalty? You are a tariff man, and about all the political principles and pledges made by the parties to which you have been temporarily attached? You, to whom this glorious country of ours looks 'morally slain.' What have you ever had to do with party organizations, except to betray them? From the time when you were chief conspirator in the Greeley election, when you took the Republican Party and destroyed General Grant, have you ever rendered it, or any other party, disinterested service?"

And now, my dear Sir, in closing permit me to say that I cannot reciprocate fully the invitation contained in the last paragraph of your letter, as ordinarily I should have responded less abusive and more candid; but I have no consistent party cause nothing for your views on the tariff, pensions, the freedom of Cuba, the development of the American merchant marine, the Monroe doctrine, honest civil service reform, and other planks of its platform. You are at war with the most of them, and I have no consistent position. But if there remains any lingering doubt in your mind that you are what I designate you, a traitor to the Republic, please, I may be at home to your future inquiries.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully yours,
J. H. GALLINGER,
Salisbury Heights, N. H., Sept. 4, 1897.

Spoke to the Farmers.

Address of Gov. Powers at York County Pomona Grange.

ALFRED, Sept. 3.—The York County Pomona Grange held its field meeting here to-day on the grounds of the county courthouse. The meeting was called to order by Elliot Fernald, master of the grange, and Hon. Amos M. Allen, Speaker Reed's private secretary, was made presiding

James A. Roberts of Norway, Prof. Woods of the State College, Dr. J. W. Dearborn of Parsonsfield, Judge George W. Hanson of Bangor, Ralph Keay and B. C. Jordan of Alfred. A basket picnic was indulged in at the noon hour by the families of farmers from all over the county.

Governor Powers arrived at 2 p. m. and was escorted by Hon. Edwin Wiggin, of Presque Isle, Master of the State grange, and Dr. J. W. Dearborn.

At 7 p. m. by the Hon. Master Wiggin, the governor was introduced and made a brief address. He said in substance:

I am glad to meet and greet so many farmers. Maine farmers have nothing to apologize for. It is her farmers that Maine is indebted to for the high position which our country occupies in the Union of the world.

There is no part of farm labor with which I am not familiar, and I am not ashamed to have eaten bread earned by the sweat of my own brow. Of the seventy millions of people, 32,000,000, are engaged in agriculture.

As Daniel Webster once said: "The farmers are God's people." Agriculture lies at the base of all industries, and without it all other industries must cease.

I have traveled extensively in our own country and in every State in every State in the Union, and I am free to say that the comparison is very much in favor of Maine. Our destiny is surely in the hands of the farmer. Maine faces the rising and not the setting sun. I think that all can now see the day when perjury will sit no longer in sackcloth and ashes.

After giving the farmers some advice in regard to doing business, he closed by admonishing the farmers to see to it that all property of the State shall bear a fair share in the taxes.

This was the first visit of the governor to the shire town of the county. The speakers who followed the governor were Hon. C. P. Mattocks of Portland, and Hon. E. W. McKen of Norway. While the governor was addressing the gathering the governor held an informal reception in the court room.

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Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Another new railway project seems to be in order for Washington county, which is to be an electric road from Lubec to Machias, running through the towns of Grand Island, Whiting and East Machias, a distance of about thirty miles. The proposition of building this road was regarded by the railroad magnates as being in direct opposition to the interests of the Washington county railroad, but now it is conceded by all that it is a move directly to the benefit of the "Grand Railway Opposition" of the county. This road will be a great "feeder" for the Washington county road. This electric road will have mail, express and freight service, as well as carry passengers. It will undoubtedly prove a success and will tend to hasten the construction of a road from Gardiner's Cove to the coast. The blooming little summer resort that is without facilities to get to it.

for those who will go to-day and get a package of GRAIN-O. It takes the place of coffee at about 1/4 the cost. It is a food drink, full of health, and can be given to the children as well as the adult with great benefit. It is made of pure grains and looks and tastes like the finest grades of Mocha or Java coffee. It satisfies everyone. A cup of Grain-O is better for the system than a tonic, because it is a food and a stimulant. What coffee breaks down Grain-O builds up. Ask your grocer for Grain-O, 15c and 25c.

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Goods sent on approval and orders by
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BANGOR. - - - MAINE.

TIME-TABLE

ON and after June 20, 1897, trains connecting at Barnham and Waterville with through trains for and from Bangor, Waterville, Portland and Bos- ton will run as follows:			
FROM BANGOR.			
Belfast, depart.	7:00	P. M.	1:20
Citypoint	7:05	1:25	1:32
Waterville	7:15	1:35	1:45
Brooks	7:20	1:40	1:50
Knox	7:25	1:45	1:55
Thorndike	7:45	2:05	2:22
Clinton	7:55	2:15	2:32
Barnham, arrive	8:25	2:35	2:45
Clinton	8:35	2:45	2:55
Brooks	8:45	2:55	3:05
Bangor	11:40	4:35	—
Waterville	—	3:13	7:30
Citypoint	—	3:18	7:35
Waterville	11:50	5:35	1:40
Boston, E. D.	1:10	9:20	6:03
Boston, W. D.	4:02	3:50	7:23
TO BANGOR.			
Boston, E. D.	—	P. M.	—
Boston, W. D.	—	7:00	3:00
Citypoint	—	—	3:20
Portland	—	11:00	1:20
Waterville	6:35	7:00	3:40
Bangor	7:00	7:15	1:40
Barnham	6:45	6:45	1:41
Clinton	7:10	6:10	1:57
Thorndike, depart.	7:30	6:30	2:17
Unity	8:00	6:45	2:32
Brooks	9:15	10:15	2:52
Waterville	9:25	10:25	3:02
Citypoint	9:40	10:40	3:12
Belfast, arrive	9:45	11:00	3:25

west via all routes, for sale by F. E. CROWLEY,
Agent, Belfast. GEORGE F. EVANS,
General Manager,
F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
Portland, June 16, 1897.


BOSTON & BANGOR S. S. CO

Commencing Monday, Sept. 6, 1897, steamers are due to leave Belfast
 For Boston, via Camden and Rockland, Mondays and Fridays at about 2.30 p. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 p. m.
 For Bucksport, Winterport and Bangor at from 7 to 8 A. M. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday morning.

RETURNING:
From Boston, at 5 P. M., every day except Sunday and Thursday.
From Boston, via way landings, except Hampden and Searsport, Mondays and Fridays at 11 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Agent, Belfast.
CALVIN AUSTIN, Gen'l Supt., Boston.
WILLIAM H. HILL, Gen'l Manager, Boston

SEDGWICK LINE.
Boston & Bangor Steamship Co.

 Commencing May 25, 1897, steamer Rockland, Capt. M. L. Abbott, will leave Belfast at 8 o'clock A. M., (or upon arrival of steamer from Boston) daily except Monday, For Castine, Sargentville, Deer Isle, Sedgwick


and Brooklin and when there are passengers will stop at Blake's Point and Little Deer Isle.

RETURNING

Will leave Brooklin at 10 A. M. Mondays and 12.30 other days, except Sunday, touching at same landings and connect at Belfast with steamer from Boston (except on Wednesdays and Fridays).

Through rates for passengers and freight to Bar Harbor and all landings on Mount Desert Island.
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For Sale. about 25 H. P., with all connections complete, has been but little used by Belfast Coliseum Co. Call on **ASA R. RIGGS or N. F. HUSTON,**
Belfast, May 6, 1897.—181f




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derangement of the stomach, torpid liver, or constipation can be readily cured by a pleasant draught of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient taken before breakfast and on retiring at night.

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FALL STYLE

A detailed black and white illustration of a man from the chest up, facing slightly to the left. He is wearing a dark, textured bowler hat with a thin band. He has a thick, dark mustache and is dressed in a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The illustration is framed by a simple rectangular border.

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			Price per Whirl	Delivered in Dump Carts	Delivered and put down
<i>Chesnut Coal,</i>	-	-	-	\$5.60	\$6.00
<i>Store</i>	"	-	-	5.60	6.00
<i>Egg</i>	"	-	-	5.40	5.80
<i>Furnace</i>	"	-	-	5.40	5.80

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1897 Models, 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing, Standard of the World, have no equal, **\$75.**

1896 COLUMBIAS.

Models 40, 41 and 44, known everywhere and have no superior except the 1897 Columbias,	\$60
Model 42, 26-inch wheels,	\$65

Hartford Bicycles

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Equal to any bicycles made except Columbias.
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Columbia Catalogue free.

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THE REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY THE

Republican Journal Pub. Co.

CHARLES A. FILSBUARY, Editor and Business Manager.

John L. complains of the bad water in Bangor. It must be pretty bad to be objectionable for external use.

Tammany says it will lay low the Republican candidate for Mayor of Greater New York. There's millions in it—for Tammany.

A New York bucket shop concern has failed with liabilities of one million dollars. No doubt the members of the firm have a drop left in the bucket.

Kelley, the murderer of Cashier Stickney, states that the reason for his crime is that he is possessed by the devil. Very likely. But when Kelley expiates his crime we shall have gotten rid of that particular devil.

Alaska cost the United States \$7,200,000. At compound interest for twenty years, this means Alaska has cost \$42,417,500. It is time we were getting a little gold back. [Aitchison Globe.]

What do you want of "a little gold back?"

"The business boom is growing. Everything looks better and better. From New York, the great distributing centre of American trade, the reports are encouraging in the extreme." Thus opens an editorial in the Boston Herald, erstwhile the champion of Cleveland's free trade policy.

Prof. L. C. Bateman writes from Dead River that the farmers are up in arms against the law protecting deer and are bound to be heard. "If they cannot have a hearing through the legislature and the press, they will be quite likely to have it at the polls."

Oh dear! Perhaps we shall now see the Professor running for Governor of Maine on a platform of death to deer!

Yellow fever has made its appearance in the South. As usual it was at first called "malaria fever," but it is now conceded that the unwelcome visitor is the genuine Yellow Jack. Experience has shown that the spread of this dread disease can be prevented by a strict quarantine; but if it once gains a foothold nothing can prevent its run of twelve weeks—four weeks of increase, four weeks when the number of cases remains about the same, and four weeks of decrease.

Mrs. Helen N. Packard attended the National Encampment, G. A. R., in Buffalo, and in a letter to the Springfield, Mass., Republican gives a most interesting and spirited account of the great parade. "No other body of men on earth could have the electrical effect on the multitude that that procession did," writes this patriotic woman. Elsewhere she says:

Like the battle in the clouds, or Sherman's march to the sea, the parade of yesterday is history to-day. Another decade will so decimate the ranks of the Grand Army that a parade will be impossible. Few of the thousands who witnessed the pageant of yesterday will see another, but this one will live long in the memories of those who looked upon it, and the children of the living shield will receive an impression they can never forget.

The Rockland Opinion of last week devoted about three columns of space to the affairs of the Red Seal Remedy Company, and while, fortunately, there are no stockholders here the ventilation of affairs of this concern may furnish food for reflection, if nothing more. For example, the Opinion says:

The assignment of large blocks of stock to the Rockland men on the payment of insignificant percentages of cash may be criticized; but it is not an uncommon thing in the promotion of corporate business enterprises.

Very true, and it might be added that quite as often the "insignificant percentages of cash" are wanting. The Opinion naturally endeavors to make as good a showing as possible for the local stockholders; but evidently thinks their management was not what it should have been, and that the later management, after the removal of the concern to Lowell, Mass., was open to even more severe criticism. The issue now raised, and which is to be the subject of court proceedings, is whether the Rockland stockholders shall be compelled to pay the full par value for their stock. These men endorsed notes for the company last spring to the amount of \$15,000, and subsequently allowed the company's plan to be mortgaged for \$10,000, and only called a halt when two months of business under the management of Mr. Carlow involved the company yet deeper and left a large sum of money unaccounted for. This moves the Opinion to say further:

Whatever may be the legal liability of the Rockland stockholders, they certainly cannot be justly criticised for refusing to furnish more money on this showing. The Rockland men have enough to answer for in connection with the management of the company when it was in their hands; and if all the allegations in regard to the way the stock was placed on the market are true, some of them are seriously compromised. But it must be remembered that at present these charges rest upon mere allegations, and no proof whatever was adduced at the meeting on Friday.

In this connection the Opinion well says: Granting, if you please, that it was proper to capitalize the company for \$250,000, and to take a third of the stock, paying a few cents on the dollar themselves, and selling the remainder at par, they should have realized that they were assuming some moral, as well as legal and financial, responsibility as well.

The 19th Maine Reunion.

The annual reunion of the survivors of the 19th Maine Regiment, at Windermere Park, Unity, Sept. 14th, was attended by a large number of the members of the association. The morning session was devoted to an informal reception of the visitors and to renewing old friendships. The first business meeting was called at 2 p. m., when the reports were read and the officers for the coming year elected. The officers were: President, E. W. Ellis, Belfast; vice president, Israel A. Gardner, Belfast; secretary, Silas Adams, Waterville; chaplain, J. D. Emerson, Skowhegan. August 25, 1898, at Belfast, the next reunion.

Editorial Notes.

The free-traders are not shouting about that recent sale of American tin in foreign markets.

Wool has made as big an advance as wheat in the past year. Is that the result of "scarcity," too?

Alfred to McLean—"Why didn't you take warning by my fate and keep that gold bond out of sight?"

Was it the "gold powers" of Great Britain that sent statistician Mithall over here to show that this is the most prosperous country in the world?

The more the coal strike is studied the more apparent it becomes that the reduction in the coal tariff by the Wilson law is responsible for the low wages which caused it.

The advance in the price of wool and sheep will soon bring back to the farmers the 75 million dollars loss in the value of sheep which befell them under the Wilson law.

Did Mr. Bryan demand that \$1,500 he is to get for his Ohio speech in "gold coin of present standard weight and fineness?" That is the habit of his masters; why not Bryan, too?

Professor Wilson does not seem to be much in demand as a campaign orator among the Democrats this year. His name is a little too suggestive of the recent bitter experiences of the workingmen and farmers of this country.

One remarkable development of the opening months of the new tariff law is the general gratification with which it is accepted irrespective of party. Even the Democrats are omitting the usual talk about increase in prices under the new law.

"Because it is my deliberate judgment that the prosperity of America is mainly due to its system of protective laws, I urge that Germany has now reached the point where it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States." [Bismarck.]

With the Mexican dollar worth only 40 cents, the lot of the workman in that country does not compare favorably with that of our own workman. Skilled workmen in Mexico get less than one-half the wages paid in this country and get that in "dollars" worth only 40 cents, thus reducing the real earnings to about one-fifth that of our own workmen.

The wheat question is a hard one for the silver patriots to explain. They are now saying the advance in wheat in the face of the fall in silver is due to scarcity of wheat. But this very statement merely strengthens the assertion of their opponents, who insist that the low price of wheat was the result of plenteousness coupled with cheap production and transportation.

"The benefit of protection goes first and last to the men who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces. The auspicious and momentous result is that never before in the history of the world has comfort been enjoyed, education acquired, and independence secured by so large a majority of the total population as the United States of America." [James G. Blaine.]

The statistics of the cotton crop for last year show it to have been 8,757,964 bales. It has been sold for about \$350,000,000, or something more than the total volume of the greenback currency. This is more than five times the value of the annual silver product of the country. What folly is it then for cotton-growers to think that their prosperity depends upon "doing something for silver," when all the silver produced in the country would not buy one in five of their cotton bales! [N. Y. World (Dem.)]

"I apprehend not the slightest trouble," said Senator Foraker, "in carrying the State of Ohio for the Republican party. The business revival and report of good times from all over that section of the country has helped our cause wonderfully, or at least we believe it has, and think it will aid us in sweeping the State."

"The Republican party will not carry Ohio, however, by the large majorities of the past, for instance, like in 1895, when our majority ran away up above 100,000. We will carry the State by a good margin, I believe, but you understand the issues and conditions have changed a great deal during the last few years. Then, being the party in power, we will, of course, have to answer for a lot of supposed sins, as is always the case."

"I will be in Ohio in time to be at the opening of the campaign, and make a speech in Cincinnati next Saturday night."

The Senator is in excellent health at present, and declares that he feels fully capable of taking an active part in the coming campaign. [Washington Post.]

The Populists in the Farmers' National Congress were badly defeated during its sessions. "Calamity" Weller of Iowa introduced a resolution for a restoration of free coinage of silver. This was reported unfavorably and rejected. Then came a resolution favoring the prohibition of "private monopoly in public necessities," even to the extent of the exercise of the right of eminent domain and the acquisition of such necessities by the State. On a call of States a three-to-one majority against the resolution was developed. Another financial resolution was similarly disposed of after a short discussion to avoid filibustering, which had been resorted to by the Populists. Later in the day the Populists were again "turned down" on the final report of the Committee on Resolutions. Resolutions were adopted commending the Secretary

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain, and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. It is more because of this condition of the blood that women are run down.

Tired, Weak, Nervous, Than because of the work itself. Every physician says so, and that the only remedy is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For the troubles Peculiar to Women at change of season, climate or life, or resulting from hard work, nervousness, and impure blood, thousands have found relief and cure in

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The one True Blood Purifier. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

of Agriculture for his efforts in behalf of the dairy industry; favoring Government inspection and grading of butter for export, and the reduction of official salaries; providing for a committee to report a plan for co-operation between the States for the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases among domestic animals. Resolutions introduced by Mr. Loucks favoring the income tax, Government control of telegraph and telephone, the prohibition of corporate ownership of land for speculative purposes, and the initiative and referendum had been turned down in committee, and Mr. Loucks had made a minority report in each case. He was allowed to speak in support of each of the resolutions, and then the congress overwhelmingly sustained its committee. [New York World.]

At no time since the close of the civil war have the prospects of the Republican party in the South been as bright as at present, after the large defections from the Democratic party to populism and the increased development of manufactures in the principal States south of Mason and Dixon's line. To the student of American politics it must seem somewhat surprising that Kentucky and Maryland, two Democratic strongholds, should have Republican Governors, and that in Tennessee at the last Presidential election the Republicans should have polled 45 percent of the total vote in the State, while they had 30 percent of it in Georgia, 52 percent in West Virginia, 46 percent in Virginia, and 47 percent in North Carolina, besides polling 167,000 votes for McKinley and Hobart in Texas, a State in which the Republican vote in 1880 was 57,000; in 1888, 88,000, and in 1892, 81,000.

The fact is that the Republicans have been increasing rapidly in numbers and influence in all the States, particularly in those on the southern border, with the exception of two, South Carolina and Mississippi, in which, by constitutional provision, there is a large disfranchisement of colored voters. The chief cause of this change is the growth of the Populist party, which is a white man's party, and has withdrawn many voters from the Democratic candidates without getting many recruits from Republican ranks. In no Presidential election since the close of the civil war have the Republicans polled so large an electoral vote in the Southern States as they did last year. Mr. McKinley received 12 electoral votes in Kentucky, 8 in Maryland, and 6 in West Virginia, with 3 in Delaware, makes a total of 29 in what was formerly the solid South. In three States—North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee, the contest between the Democrats and the Populists on the one hand and the Republicans on the other was very close, and the severance of friendly political relations between the Democrats and the Populists in these States makes more probable than heretofore Republican success. [New York Sun (Democratic).]

Secret Societies.

The fifth annual meeting of the Grand Chapter of Maine, Order of the Eastern Star, was held in Auburn Sept. 9th.

District Deputy O. W. Sims of Hallowell visited Enterprise Lodge, A. O. U. W., last Thursday evening and exemplified the work of the workman degree.

Maj. Francis H. Welch of this city will go to Waterville next Wednesday to serve on the auditing committee of the Brigade accounts of the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias.

The Maine Commission of the United Order of Independent Old Ladies, convened in Portland Sept. 8th. After a banquet, served at 6:30 p. m., to 200 ladies, the sessions of the Board of Government were held. The degree of Past Lady was conferred on two candidates.

The high court of Maine, Independent Order of Foresters, met in Portland Sept. 9th, Rev. C. F. Andrews of Old Town, H. C. E., presiding. About 80 were present out of 108 entitled to seats in the court. The high chief ranger, in his address, advocated holding the high court only once in two years. In 1895 the membership was 1000, representing 35 courts. The present membership is about 2,385. The high secretary's report covered the work of the high court for two years. The total number of courts is 69, gain in membership 1,287.

State Board of Trade.

The State Board of Trade is in session at Ellsworth this week. The banquet was to take place last evening, and the business meeting and discussion of topics to-day, Sept. 16th. The program is as follows:

What other one thing contributes so much to the material interest of the State of Maine as the tourist travel? [Francis Wiggin, Esq., of Houlton.]

What has the country done and what should it do for the country? [Prof. W. W. Stetson of Auburn.]

What has the country done and what should it do for the city? [Hon. Charles F. Libby of Portland.]

General discussion.

Judge Black, at San Francisco, Tuesday decided the Agass-Craven case in favor of the plaintiffs, the heirs of the late Senator Fair.

Our Washington Letter.

[Correspondence of The Journal.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 13, 1897. The political campaigns in the various States are warming up—growing very warm, in fact. Parties arriving here from New York, Nebraska, Kentucky, Iowa, and Ohio report extreme activity and interest in the fight which is to be made in those States. Remarkable as it is that the silver cause should still have any life left in it, it is a fact. It is to be made the basis of the battle in every State where there are important elections this fall. One year ago one ounce of silver would buy one bushel of wheat in New York; now it takes two ounces, and silver is still falling and wheat still rising. It would scarcely seem possible that anybody could successfully argue in favor of currency made from metal whose value has fallen over 25 per cent. in eighteen months. Yet that is a fact as to silver. On March 7th of last year it was worth 70 cents an ounce in New York, now it is worth 52 cents.

How it is that any party can now assume to win a battle with silver as the chief issue in States where they could not win on that issue a year ago, is hard to understand. On last Presidential election day silver was worth 65.7. To-day it is worth 51 cents, a fall of over 20 per cent. If the Democrats could not carry Ohio, Kentucky, Iowa, Maryland, or New York on the silver issue in November, 1896, with their proposed dollar worth 51 cents, how can they expect to win this fall with a dollar worth only 40 cents? Yet they are going into the fight for it everywhere, though there are signs of weakening in spots.

The Democrats, it seems, from reports received, are trying to run away from their platform made but a short two months since. This action, however, is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that silver has fallen 15 per cent. in value even in that short space of time. July 10th an ounce of silver was worth in the New York market 60.6 cents, and it is now worth but 52 cents and still going down. Small wonder then that the Democrats are ashamed of their platform and are trying to get away from it when, within two months after its adoption, the metal which it advocates as money declined 15 per cent. It goes without saying, however, that the Republicans of the State will not let their opponents get away from the issue which they have made. It also goes without saying that the Republicans will sweep the State now that they have the enemy on the run, providing they are not over-confident.

New York City is the coign of vantage in the State contest. The fight in New York this fall relates to the majority, but it is for a first mayor of the largest city in the United States and second largest city in the world, and will decide whether or not Tammany Hall shall control Greater New York. If Tammany gets control it will greatly endanger Republican prospects in the State indefinitely. Those opposed to Tammany and free silver must therefore combine on one good man. By refusing to do so they give Greater New York and probably the State over to the Tammany-silver Democrats indefinitely.

There is good reason to hope that the party in Maryland will fall into line, now that the factional fight in the Republican ranks is over, and with the aid of the gold Democrats and the anti-Gorman men win in the fight for the legislature. Owing to Gorman's free-silver leanings and the generally conceded opinion that he would vote for free silver in the senate, the sound-money Democrats throughout the State are ready to again co-operate with the Republicans, as are also, of course, all the anti-Gorman men, to secure his defeat.

Generally speaking, the drift all seems to be in the direction of Republicanism. The people see that Bryan and the silverites made a deliberate effort to deceive them last year, and many of those who voted for him will have nothing further to do with silver. But the Democratic leaders are not asleep. They are conducting an active and vigilant campaign, and are out on a "still hunt" for votes whose result may surprise the Republicans, unless they are wide awake and working to arouse every man and push him enthusiastically into the fight. The tide is now all running in the right direction, but this very evidence of prospective victory is liable to lead to over-confidence on the part of some of the Republicans, and to allow dissensions to arise which will prevent a solid front against the enemy.

Transfers in Real Estate.

The following transfers in real estate were recorded in Waldo County Registry of Deeds for the week ending Sept. 15, 1897: Daniel W. Prouty, et al., Worcester, to F. S. Frank, Bangor; land in Islesboro. Mary B. Webster, Chelsea, Mass., to Frank W. Webster, Searsport; land and buildings in Searsport. Evelina C. Moody, Belfast, to Martha H. Ferguson, Winchester, Mass.; land and buildings in Belfast. Hilda A. Fifield, Manchester, Me., to Geo. S. Lowell, Montville; land and buildings in Liberty. Geo. S. Lowell, to Sophronia A. Skinner, Boston; land in Liberty. Katie G. Small, et al., Nashua, N. H., to Albert R. Crosby, Boston; land and buildings in Stockton Springs. Wm. T. Rogers, Belfast, to Joseph Estes, do; land in Belfast. W. O. Knowles, Jackson, to S. P. Larabee, Unity; land in Unity. A. E. Nickerson, Swanville, to Harriet C. Knowlton, do; land and buildings in Swanville. Julia Cuddy, Portland, to James H. Foley, Winterport; land and buildings in Winterport. James H. Foley to Mary A. Foley, Winterport; land and buildings in Winterport. James Bryant et al., East Vassalboro, to Ellen M. Small, Freedom; land in Freedom. Orrison E. French, Lincolnville, to Phoebe J. French, do; land and buildings in Lincolnville. Henry A. Waterman, Northport, to Eunagene S. Waterman, do; land in Northport.

News of the Granges.

Seaside Grange has an interesting program in preparation for next Saturday evening, including a paper on Alaska by M. C. Hill, and one on "Ought the sisters to keep silence in the Granges" by W. P. Thompson. There will be a harvest feast Sept. 25th.

NORTHPORT NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Patterson spent Sunday with friends in Lincolnville.

Several of our citizens attended the fair at Monroe and reported a first rate time.

Mr. William Phillips of Knox has been visiting friends here for the past few days.

Mrs. Evie Fernald of Somerville, Mass., is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. E. Drinkwater.

Miss Helen Knight is teaching the Doyle school, and Annie Rhoades the Woods' school.

Leslie Deane will serve on the grand jury, and Joseph Heal on the traverse jury from this town.

Mrs. William Doig and family left for New York Monday, having spent a delightful summer here.

Capt. Isaac Crockett, a former resident of this town, is here from Massachusetts visiting relatives and friends.

Three houses in the back part of the town were recently entered by burglars, but nothing of much value was taken.

Mrs. T. H. Swain and son and Mrs. Emma Leggett finished their stay here Wednesday and returned to Glenridge, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Orcutt and daughter of Windsor returned home the first of the week from a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Elzora Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reed, Miss Carrie Cleveland and maid closed their summer outing here last Monday and returned to Glenridge, N. J.

NORTHPORT CAMP GROUND.

Miss Etta Dickey is at Shady-side cottage.

Miles Pease and son are painting their cottage.

The Frisbee family are still at the Hazelwood.

A. C. Currier and wife are still at the Tuttle cottage.

Mrs. D. Howard is still at her cottage on Park Row.

Mr. Cross and family are at their cottage on Griffin street.

Mrs. J. D. Tucker of Belfast is at her cottage on Broadway.

DEAR FRIENDS: In imagination I am with you at your reunion; I reach across mountains and plains to clasp hands with you; I gaze with far seeing eyes over all that is grand and beautiful between California and Maine; I see familiar faces, and hear familiar voices giving us a cordial greeting.

Time has brought some changes; to some the day has been long and they have fallen asleep like tired children. If we miss their presence we will not awaken them for we know that "He giveth His beloved sleep." Others of us are "treading upon the shadows" are a little longer grown; when we, too, will feel the need of rest. Indeed, we all look forward to that reunion in which neither distance nor time will separate us—a reunion unto eternity. The day may be long to some, but the night will surely come and rest and peace to all His children.

Had we the magnetic wand we would have you all in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco to celebrate this reunion. I think it is one of the most beautiful spots on earth with its lawns and artistic flower beds. In our mild climate every plant and flower will grow and thrive, and nature and art have both spared no means to make this garden a veritable paradise. But, failing the magic power, you will not be with us. We would be so glad to be with you really in person, but we did not think it best to take such a long trip this summer. We took a shorter route, and the month and a half to Oregon and Washington. The climate there is quite different from that of California. It rains during the summer as it does in Maine. When we picked wild berries and gathered hazel nuts and enjoyed the summer showers we felt as though we were in Maine again.

Times are better here now than they have been for the past few years. Grain and hay and other farm products are bringing better prices; when the farmers make money the country seems to go right. The mining excitement are taking a good many people to Alaska from California; many others have gone to the northern counties of this State where there seems to be a boom on account of the newly discovered gold mines.

Now, dear friends, we hope the day will be pleasant, and all who come will go away feeling that the time was well spent. We hope that you will go around the table to hold a pleasant conversation and to recall the days that are past, you will imagine you are boys and girls again with Frank and Sarah among you. You may be assured that on that day we will not forget you. We would so much like to see you all and spend a month on the Camp Ground. There never will be any dearer sight to me than Maine. I love its hills, its grassy knolls, its cool spring water. How well I remember the spring we used to drink from on our way home from gathering blackberries. No water has ever tasted so pure and delicious. Happy days of childhood.

The people who came from Maine hold a picnic here every year and it is very pleasant to see with what loving remembrance they esteem the land of their birth.

With many kind and loving thoughts we will say good bye.

S. J. CROSS.

Brackett Family Reunion.

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Letters were read by the secretary, Miss Florence Brackett from Cape C. C. Rollins of Chelsea, Mass., and Mrs. Edward S. Gledwin of South Berwick, Me. Then Miss Ethelyn Brackett of Newport entertained the audience with a reading, "The Storm," after which the carefully prepared report of the secretary was read. Remarks were made by Rev. David Brackett of Brooks, James Brackett of East Corinth and Gilman Brackett of Portland.

The officers for the ensuing year are: C. D. Bowman of Pittsfield, pres.; C. G. Brackett of Newport, vice pres.; Mrs. Mary C. Bowman of Pittsfield, sec.; C. G. Brackett, L. A. Clement, P. S. Brown, Mrs. H. J. Brackett, Mrs. Angelina Brackett, Mrs. R. J. Bean and Mrs. L. A. Clement, committee of arrangements.

Gilman Brackett, having procured the Brackett coat of arms, presented it to the Association, and it was proposed that at some future time judges bearing the coat of arms be obtained. The invitation extended by C. B. Brackett to hold the 70th reunion in 1818 at his home in Newport was accepted. It is expected that Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed will attend the reunion of 1898.

Sick-poison is a poison which makes you sick. It comes from the stomach. The stomach makes it out of undigested food. The blood gets it and taints the whole body with it. That's the way of it. The way to be rid of it is to look after your digestion.

If your food is all properly digested, there will be none left in the stomach to make sick-poison out of.

If your stomach is too weak to see to this properly by itself, help it along with a few doses of Shaker Digestive Cordial.

That's the cure of it.

Shaker Digestive Cordial is a delicious, healthful, tonic cordial, made of pure medicinal plants, herbs and wine.

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At druggists. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Subjects for Discussion.

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Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention." Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and \$1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Cross and Jackson Family Reunion.

Our Morrill correspondent writes: "The Cross and Jackson family reunion, held at the Grange hall last Thursday, Sept. 9th, was a success. More than 200 were present. Quite a literary program was carried out, and the social feature was very much enjoyed, all of which will be duly reported by their special correspondent." The expected report has not arrived, but we have been requested to publish the following letter, which was received too late to be read at the reunion.

614 E. 28th St., OAKLAND, CALIF.,

September 1, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS: In imagination I am with you at your reunion; I reach across mountains and plains to clasp hands with you; I gaze with far seeing eyes over all that is grand and beautiful between California and Maine; I see familiar faces, and hear familiar voices giving us a cordial greeting.

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Striking Miners Shot Down

By Deputy Sheriffs. Their Action Generally Condemned.

The strike situation reached a terrible crisis on the outskirts of Lattimer, Pa., last Friday afternoon, when a band of deputy sheriffs fired into an infuriated mob of miners, killing 20 and wounding 40 or more, some of them fatally. It was an awful scene. Nothing happened like it even in all the great Carnegie strike at Homestead, in spite of all the feeling that was caused. The bad feeling between the officials and miners may have had something to do with it. The deputy sheriffs all say that some one struck the sheriff first, and the shooting had begun; also that the riot act had been plainly read to the men

Widow Skinner's Bicycle.

Squaw Creek folks never did take kindly to the bike, but when it first appeared the town was again it for all she was worth. It wasn't a fish-net, a lobster pot, a pair of oyster tongs, anything else that could be made use of in our business, and we set our faces again it and determined to keep 'em out. Deacon Spooner's son came up from Philadelphia riding a bike, and the deacon met him at the gate, and sez:

"Jim, I'm powerful glad to see ye, but we are all agin the bike in Squaw Creek."

"What's the matter of the bike?" says Jim.

"Tain't natural. It ain't a wagin nor it ain't a wheelbarrow. It's jest an invenshun of Satan's to capt'r more souls. Any pusson as will ride around on one of those things will gamble, boss-race, chaw tobacco and steal a dicker's grave-stone. If ye'll jest it aside and git a hand sled I'll kill the fatted calf, but if ye won't I'll hev to forbid ye the house."

At that Jim got mad and rode off calling his pop a lunatic and everybody else a fool, but Squaw Creek was with the deacon. We called a public meetin' and passed resolutions in his praise, and such was the feelin' toward him that he could have borrowed a dollar and a man in town without giving it note or security.

Two weeks later squawin' more happened—sunthin' that stirred up society clear down to the mud and kept things bilin' for several weeks. The Widder Skinner, who had all along been daring public opinion by sittin' on the fence, skatin' on rollers and playin' billiards, sent to New York for a bike. It got around town that she was goin' to hev one, and we talked it over and sent Silas Coddington to her to find out all about it. He found her smokin' a cigarette, and as soon as he could choke his heart back down into his chest, he sez:

"Widder Skinner, it is true that you hev sent up to New York for one of them soul-destroyin' called a bike?"

"You bet your life I hev," replied the widder.

"And ar ye goin' to ride it?"

"I am, and don't ye forget it!"

Silas had to wait 'till his knees got over wobbly before he could go on:

"But mebbe you don't know that Squaw Creek is agin' the bike, even for men?"

"I don't know, and I don't keer," says the widder, as she lighted another cigarette.

"It'll be the destruction of society, and mebbe the town itself," sez Silas. "Can't we cox ye to give over yer idea?"

"Not a cox!" sez the widder.

"Then we might raise a purse of \$50 to buy ye off, Sodom and Gomorrah was destroyed for less wicked, and we don't want Squaw Creek to be sunk fifty feet in the mud. Will ye gin up the bike and attend prayer meetin' if we raise \$50?"

"No, nor for \$5,000!" sez she, and she pitched into him and into the town till he was glad to pick up his hat and skip.

Three or four days later the bike arrived, and one evening, jest as we had all got through supper and turned out for the street to smoke and tell lies and scandalize everybody who was absent, the widder Skinner bring out her wheel and began to perform. She had never taken any lessons, but ment to learn right there and then. She had on a short skirt, and a shoul'der of horror went up and down and across Squaw Creek. She had on leggings and a cap, and Silas Coddington took notice of them. He fell against a fence and smashed three rods of it as flat as a pancake.

All that didn't begin with the widder's performance, however. She got on and she fell off. She fell keppash and she fell keppash. Children wept, women turned pale and hid their faces, and the men looked at each other and told tales of mischief up their backs. It was finally decided that Joel Carter should wrassle with the widder and let her know the diff'rent of poplin' opium. He hated to do it, but we urged him on, and he finally went up to her and said:

"Widder Skinner, if this thing gits moved about, and of course it will, with lots in Squaw Creek won't be with \$50 apiece next week?"

"What d'ye want?" sez she, lookin' up with both eyes full of sass.

"We want ye to stop this performance. I hev never bin to a circus, and ain't no money 'nuf in all New Jersey to hire me to go, but I guess this is even wuss. Squaw Creek can't afford to be in the name of humanity to quit."

"Squaw Creek can go hang itself!" sez the widder, as she tries to mount and makes another tumble of it.

"Then let me appeal to ye in the name of the Lord," sez Joel, as he grows more earnest. "He is lookin' down on Squaw Creek and on you, and I'm fearin' you'll be turned into a pillar of salt and the town overwhelmed by a high tide."

"Now, then," says the widder, as she gits up with blood in her eye. "I'm goin' to ride this bike or break my neck, and all you kin say or do won't stop me! Git outter my way and gimme a show, and any of you who don't like it kin go hang yer self."

That was the last appeal made to her. Everybody realized that she was set, and that talkin' would do no good. Jim Hopeful, the constable, offered to arrest the widder fur bein' a circus without a license, but it was decided to hold an indignation meetin' instead. One was called that very night, and seven different speakers got up and said that the morals of Squaw Creek was ruined forever, and that the town overwhelmed by a high tide.

"Resolved, That the Widder Skinner hev'n' busted up Squaw Creek by performin on a bike, she ar to be no longer recognized in this community as a female and a human bein', and may God hev mercy on her soul. Also, that all prayers be prayed all next week that the Creator not hold this thing up agin us and blot out the town."

A copy of the above resolution was writ out and handed to the widder in person by Philletus Jackson, but she tore the paper up and laughed in his face, and within a week she was cartorin' around on the soul-destroyin' machine, and the dogs and dogs and human folks git outter her way or take the consequences.

Some folks thought she'd move away, or that the Lord would call her hence, but she stuck right to Squaw Creek for two or three years, and when she left it that was over twenty wimin' folks ridin' wheels and tellin' society to go to grass. Even old Silas Coddington was all shore seen to ride one, and if he hadn't broke two ribs and busted his shoul'der the last time he got up that we would likely hev bin treated to the awful spectacle of a gray-haired man goin' down to the bottomless pit at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Deer Isle Sketches.

William T. Hunt, the well known local water colorist, has returned from several weeks sketching on Deer Isle, bringing with him a dozen sketches made in that picturesque locality. This is not the first time that Mr. Hunt has spent on the Maine coast and in consequence he is thoroughly at home there and knows just where and when to find the best things. The pictures which Mr. Hunt brings back and tellin' society to go to grass. Even old Silas Coddington was all shore seen to ride one, and if he hadn't broke two ribs and busted his shoul'der the last time he got up that we would likely hev bin treated to the awful spectacle of a gray-haired man goin' down to the bottomless pit at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The Roentgen Rays.

New York Medical Society May Inquire Into their Unskilled Use.

The members of the medical profession are beginning to realize that danger lurks in the use of the Roentgen rays, and that unless great care and skill are employed in connection with a long exposure of any part of the human body to the cathode light serious injury may result.

The matter has been called to the attention of the Medical Society of the County of New York. This society numbers about 1,500 physicians and surgeons. No meetings are held in the summer months, and most of the officers and prominent members are away on their vacations. It has been learned, however, that the dangers of the X-rays will probably form one of the subjects for discussion at the next meeting of the society in September.

From time to time instances where the rays have done damage have been reported. A flagrant case which occurred recently in New York city was learned of in spite of strenuous efforts that have been made to keep the facts suppressed. It appears that the use of the X-rays has become quite a fad among some of the dentists of the city, because the prominence of the jaw bones and their thin covering of skin and muscle make it easy to use the rays for purposes of diagnosis.

A young woman came to a dentist in the city complaining of a pain in the jaw. An examination of her teeth was made and various remedies were tried, but no relief was obtained, nor could the dentist find out what the trouble was. It was either a diseased nerve, some abnormality in the growth of tooth or a piece of necrosed bone. He determined to resort to the X-rays to find out. Accordingly, says the New York Evening Sun, an appointment was made with a scientist who owns a set of Crookes tubes to take a photograph of the woman's jaw. No medical advice was taken as to the advisability of submitting the patient to the ordeal, although she was run down and debilitated by the pain she had been forced to endure. Nor was any inquiry made as to the possible bad effects of an exposure to the rays.

Two attempts to get a photograph were made. The first was a failure, and accordingly a second exposure for a longer time was undertaken. It resulted successfully so far as obtaining a good negative of the woman's jaw was concerned, but disastrously otherwise. The time of the exposure could not be accurately learned. The woman was in the room with the apparatus for about an hour and a half, but the rays were not applied constantly during that time. On the second exposure those in charge of the machine simply went ahead until they judged they had a good plate, apparently without any reference to the length of time.

The woman was sent home. The next day it was found that she had suffered severe injuries from the effects of the rays. The flesh, not only over the jaw bone, but down on the side of the neck and breast had been burned. It was not a mere blistering of the superficial skin, but the vitality of the deeper tissues had been destroyed. The burning was so severe that the woman was in a great alarm sent for a physician, who has since been busily engaged in alleviating the patient's sufferings. The woman is not out of danger yet, as blood poisoning is liable to set in. If she does recover she will always bear the marks of the burns.

Landon C. Gray, president of the Medical Society of the County of New York, is at his summer home in the northern part of the State. Dr. Charles H. Avery of 28 East Eighteenth street, the secretary of the society, is about the only officer who is still in town. He talked freely about the dangers of the X-rays.

"No better word can be done," he said, "than to report the abuses of the Roentgen rays and inform the community of the dangers of their use in unskilled hands. The members of the Medical Society are scattered far and wide, and it would be impracticable to hold a special meeting to consider that subject alone, but if these cases continue to occur the society will undoubtedly discuss the matter at its next meeting in the fall. I think the newspapers can do more good by warning the people about the dangers of the rays than any action of a medical society."

Dr. Avery said that he had heard of several cases where slight inflammations and burns had been produced by the rays, but had heard of nothing so serious as the foregoing case, which was related to him.

"I have, myself," said Dr. Avery, "subjected my hand to the rays, but experienced no evil result, and I believe that they can be used for good service in the practice of surgery if sufficient precautions are taken and not too long an exposure is made. There is an old rule in chemical drugs that what is good will also do harm. Arsenic and opium are remedial agents of great good, yet in large doses they are deadly. I imagine it is so with the Roentgen rays. Knowledge of their power must be essential in order to work safely with them."

His Lucky Number.

"That boat," said the old vessel owner to a Buffalo Courier reporter, "I bought on Friday, the 13th day of the month, and in the dark of the moon. She was as slick a craft as you ever see and without a weak spot in her. I made a payment down of \$13,000, and the first crew I put and he was a first class man."

The only pet that he kept in the day, time and tore around the riggin' at night.

"I loaded the barge at Grand Haven for Tonawanda with a cargo of green lumber. The shovers began at five o'clock in the morning and were just thirteen hours getting her ready to clear. Friday morning she encountered a fearful blow in upper Lake Michigan. Every one of the crew of thirteen was swept overboard, ship and cargo being left to the mercy of wind and waves. The cat was the only living thing aboard."

"Terrible, wasn't it?"

"Might have been worse. The thirteen people were picked up alive. When the storm subsided we found the ship tossing around in a dead sea, but not very seriously damaged. The cat was sitting on top of the deckload washing his face, and there wasn't enough lumber lost to build a hen coop. She made that trip and fifty others without an accident. I never allowed her to clear except on Friday, the crew remaining at thirteen and the cat was the mascot."

"But one night the captain got snarled. He left the harbor before midnight on Thursday. One of the men had failed to appear and the cat was foraging ashore. The weather was fine, no collision was reported, but I've never heard from her since."

Hon. C. J. Paine who has returned home from his bimistal endeavors in Europe is of the opinion that England will not unite with France and the United States in any attempt for the upraising of silver. Messrs. Walcott and Stevenson, the other members of the commission, are remained in England to receive Lord Salisbury's answer which will be given in October.

"I burned my fingers very badly. The pain was intense. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil brought relief in three minutes. It was almost magical. I never saw anything like it." Amelia Swords, Saundersville, O.

[Written for The Journal.] Contentment.

Sunshine and bird's song
Are ours to-day,
Far from the world's throng
Joyous we stray.
Grasses and daisies
Under our feet,
Through woodland mazes
Breathe perfume sweet.
Through the far reaches
Green-golden light;
Yellowing beeches
Maple-leaves bright.
Wood-creatures wary
Hide from our eyes;
Butterflies airy
Settle and rise.
Fitting before us
Cloud-shadows go,
Pine-branches o'er us
Whispering low.
Rippling and sweeping
Gaily along,
See the brook, keeping
Time to our song.
With bold insistence
Wood-birds drumming;
Mellowed by distance
Wild bees humming.
Nature's soft voices
Murmuring peace;
Where all rejoices
Heartache must cease.
Far from the world's throng
Joyous we stray;
Heart-peace and soul-song
Are ours to-day.

FLORA HELEN LEIGHTON.

New York Fashions.

POPLINS.

Poplins are "coming in," and both plain and figured patterns are to be seen. Bright plaids, checks, and stripes are exceedingly effective, and look as though they might be very durable. All the Scotch plaids are fashionable, and many new plaids have been recently designed. On a dark brown, blue, or black background the bright colors stand out clear and sharp. They will be made up in skirts to wear with plain short coats, for school frocks, and will be greatly used for combining with other materials for vests, sleeves, and trimmings.

The plain colors in the poplins are much smarter, and will be worn with velvet waists and jackets. A dark brown trimmed around the skirt with black and gold braid has a short blouse of brown velvet with velvet collar. At the belt and fastening the collar are gold buckles which show to great advantage against the dark brown. For children's frocks poplin is a capital material, as it wears well and always looks smart. It is not, however, suitable for school frocks, and under all circumstances should be simply made. Dark brown, blue, and scarlet are the best colors.

There are many different kinds of poplin; some classed under the head of novelty; these have dots of white or black silk, and are suitable for reception costumes. One in gray flecked with white has recently been made up; the skirt plain and with little or no flare, the waist a lace blouse over yellow satin, with a berth of the poplin cut in squares and brocades and a band of guipure lace. This berth is quite long, and there are points which fall over the sleeves. Collar and belt are of yellow velvet finished with long pointed bows.

SILKS AND SATINS.

Black silks are again greatly in favor, and are in such great variety that it is difficult to know what to buy. The plain shiny silks are very smart, but not so satisfactory as the gros grain and peau de soie, which are to be greatly in favor. Small figures in patterns of brocades and plain satins are not tabooed, although not to be placed among the most desired. Colored silks of all kinds and brocades are very stunning in design and coloring. One of the newest fashions is to have a black silk made with facings, linings, and bows of some bright color. Turquoise blue, yellow and red are much used in this way, and the effect is singularly good. Brocaded silks and satins are still being sold at such very low prices as to make the careful shopper very wary. A bargain is always a delightful thing to secure, but when any material is sold astonishingly cheap there is the danger it will be so unsuitably worn as to lose any smart look.

For evening wear the plain silks and satins as well as the brocades will be fashionable, and it is said gauze, net, tulle and chiffon are to be relegated almost exclusively to young girls.

When net is used it is to be made up over expensive silk or satin linings, and elaborately and effectively trimmed. Simplicity is no longer to be in fashion. (Harper's Bazar.)

"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not in good condition. Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

University Advantages. "But, you have no use for your classical education now that you are married." "Well, you're way off. I use my college yell on the baby every day. I tell him, 'What good is that?' 'That?' 'Why, the good of it, it makes him scream for his mother like mad.' (Detroit Free Press.)

Dr. E. Betcher's Anti Diuretic

May be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. S. L. Sold by A. A. Howes & Co., Druggists, Belfast, Me.

His little mistake. Miss Beautiful (copy). "Do you really love me, Count?" Count Le Frang answered, "Love you? Sweet creature! I amaze you!" (Puck.)

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Believes retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by A. A. Howes & Co., Druggists, Belfast, Me.

Young artist (I don't see his pictures rejected). "I don't see why they don't hang my work." His sister: "I guess they thought hanging was too good for it." (Brooklyn Life.)

For Over Fifty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children's teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

"What was that last violent kicking about just as the flames enveloped him?" asked the cannibal king who was famous for taking an interest in domestic affairs. "The cooking, your Majesty," replied the chef de cuisine. (Detroit Evening Journal.)

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by A. A. Howes & Co., Druggists, Belfast, Me.

The Sixth Maine.

[Written by Mrs. M. E. Mayo, and read at the annual reunion of the Sixth Maine Regimental Association at Bluehill, August 23, 1897.]

A camp-fire! Boys of the old Sixth Maine, Shake hands all round as you meet again. Where's the old canteen, and the blanket torn?
The knapsack heavy, and army shoes worn?
The haversack filled with tough hard-tack And its close companion, the coffee black?
The loaded musket with bayonet keen?
The coat of blue with the buttons of green?
The love-letter hidden after your heart,
As a talisman, bidding danger depart.
For the sake here, as loyal as you,
Her hero, defending the red, white and blue.

Was it yesterday 'neath southern skies You watched the old moon slowly rise?
And your thoughts went back to the northern hills,
With their rugged peaks and dancing rills,
And you saw the shadows softly fall
On the home you left with its dear ones all;
Within around you the sentries paced their beat.

And the neigh of steeds, and tramp of feet;
The soldiers lying asleep on the ground,
Unconscious of war, and war's woes and pain,
Seemed like a dream as you waiting lay
For the opening dawn of another day.

Who were they marching steadily on?
Who sented afar a field of corn?
And knew from experience in the east
That there was in it a welcome feast
For the weary soldier, and his weary wife,
Who had settled on hill and vale—
Sunshine to that field was found a trail.
The coon and opossum had to bear
More blame than legally was their share.

The fences and fields were all in a row,
But the camp-fire burned with brighter glow.
The increase of roasting corn was sweet
To the party gathered to taste the treat.
You said: "Close up, it is but a fair fate."
Which have made him since a first-class cook?

Oh, no! If search had been made just then
For the raiders, somewhere among the men,
Within your ranks they would look in vain,
You were honest boys in the old Sixth Maine.
Where's the regiment's flag which you proudly placed
On the heights of Fredericksburg, while you faced
The fearful rattle of shot and shell,
As out from the ranks your comrades fell?

And when the pitting twilight came
Your roll-call was lessened by many a name.
To your aching hearts, left desolate,
You said: "Close up, it is but a fair fate."
For soldiers are made of sterner stuff
Than at the first onset to cry: "Enough!"
And long ere the years of strife were done
The title of "Fighting Sixth" you won.

At Williamsburg and at Garnett's Hill,
At White Oak Swamp, with right good will,
You fought the battles of the old Sixth Maine,
Till Antietam and Fredericksburg were won.
Banks' Ford and Brandy Station, too,
Had proof of the work that you could do.
From Gettysburg, Yorktown and Locust Grove,

Not one in your ranks thought best to rove;
While Rappahannock felt your aid,
And Spotsylvania was all your head,
Of the Fighting Sixth, whose soldiers brave
Had only one thought—the flag to save.

Through all the siege of the Wilderness long,
In that close conflict 'twixt right and wrong,
Shoulder to shoulder you met the foe,
Till thinner your ranks began to grow.
Discharged with honor in sixty-four,
You felt that your fighting days were o'er.

But the friendship born of mutual needs,
Of fun, of suffering, of valiant deeds,
Through all the changing years survives,
Giving you pleasure in your lives,
Loyal and steadfast each comrade's heart,
To those who have reached the other shore,
Who beside you here will march no more,
Your hearts go out with affection fond,
Your real reunion will be beyond.

All hail to you, veterans tried and true,
We wish you joy, and we give you thanks
For your faithful service in the ranks.
Our hearts are glad to have you here,
And all who were to their country true.

When the light of this camp-fire fades away,
May its after-glow in your memories stay;
Brightening your future, until again
The comrades meet of the old Sixth Maine.

Beulah Land.

We're getting on in years, Jane, we two who started out
So bravely on life's journey, when the world was blithe and gay;
I can hardly tell, my darling, how the thing has come about,
But I find myself beginning to live in yesterday.

There's a bald spot on my head, Jane, and the frost is sitting down
White as drifting snow of winter on the fringe above my brow.
And your hair, Jane, is silver, that were once a golden brown,
Yet you never were so queenly, Jane, so beautiful as now.

But, "Hurry up, old lady!" the car-conductors say—
"Stop! Here, please, old gentleman!"—
And young folks offer seats
And we discover in ourselves, when treated in this way,
A cold and haughty anger, or quick resentful fears.

Then, we've learned to love a corner by the chimney's blaze at night;
We are not always ready for the sleighing or the ice,
When used to call us often forth, our faces smiling bright,
That with mirth and frolic made for youth the favor and the spice.

And we've caught the trick of looking with a half-respectful awe
At the judges and the doctors whom we used to know in kits;
And we blush at the admission, but our youngest son is a lawyer,
She has but to nod her meaning, and our own opinion wits.

Then the small grandchildren rule us; pray do not deny it, Jane;
We would spoil them with indulgence if they lived beneath our roof.
When the question is of saying no, the little ones so sternly
We, once so sternly resolute, just weakly stand aloof.

Yes, we're getting on in years, Jane, but I like it very well
This broad and pleasant upland to which our steps have climbed;
'Tis a restful Beulah country where delightful people dwell,
And the hour of our arrival has been very sweetly timed.

Here we taste the fruit we planted in the morning's bustling haste;
Here we sit awhile at leisure, and make friends with young and old;
Here we read and ponder, by no friend of worry chased,
And behind us lies the dusty road, before us evening's gold.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Pulp Shipments from Bangor.

The Norwegian steamship Michigan, 1,750 tons, Capt. Olsen, is coming to Bangor to take a cargo of ground wood pulp to an European port, said to be either Manchester or Hamburg. The steamship sailed from Greenock August 30 for Sydney, Cape Breton, and after calling there sailed Thursday for Bangor. She will carry about 3,000 tons. The Michigan is one of the largest steamers ever chartered to load at Bangor, exceeding in tonnage the Jacob Bright, which carried about 2,650,000 feet of deals from that port early in the season. One cargo of pulp has already been shipped from Bangor this year, in the British steamship Saginaw, to Manchester, by T. J. Stewart & Co. of Bangor. Mr. Stewart expects one or two more steamships at Bangor this season to load with pulp bars for the United Kingdom.

One to five applications of Doan's Ointment will cure the worst case of Itching Piles there ever was. Can you afford to suffer tortures when a simple, non-failing remedy is at hand? It never fails.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill!—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in that excellent remedy. Before taking the Compound

I was thin, sorrowful and nervous. I was troubled with leucorrhoea, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to your wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.

Whenever I begin to feel nervous and ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through those most excellent remedies.—MISS MAY SACHNER, 348½ E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

Where's the regiment's flag which you proudly placed
On the heights of Fredericksburg, while you faced
The fearful rattle of shot and shell,
As out from the ranks your comrades fell?

And when the pitting twilight came
Your roll-call was lessened by many a name.
To your aching hearts, left desolate,
You said: "Close up, it is but a fair fate."

For soldiers are made of sterner stuff
Than at the first onset to cry: "Enough!"
And long ere the years of strife were done
The title of "Fighting Sixth" you won.

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But the friendship born of mutual needs,
Of fun, of suffering, of valiant deeds,
Through all the changing years survives,
Giving you pleasure in your lives,
Loyal and steadfast each comrade's heart,
To those who have reached the other shore,
Who beside you here will march no more,
Your hearts go out with affection fond,
Your real reunion will be beyond.

All hail to you, veterans tried and true,
We wish you joy, and we give you thanks
For your faithful service in the ranks.
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And all who were to their country true.

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